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been composed of various materials from some of the
most ancient and valuable sources, and is intended to
form a complete view of the progress of civilization.

THE**LADIES'****MONTHLY MUSEUM.**

JANUARY, 1822.

**HIS PRESENT MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
GEORGE IV.**

THE life of our present Sovereign has been an active and an eventful one; and without being deemed guilty of adulation, we may also pronounce it a useful one. It has been marked by singular magnificence, by a peculiar encouragement of the arts, and by the strictest distribution of the rewards due to valor and merit in every rank of life.

Great was the joy of the English nation, in the last reign, when on the 12th of August, 1762, the hope of continuing the Protestant succession in the House of Brunswick was changed almost into certainty by the birth of an heir, now his present Majesty, who was baptized in the Great Council Chamber, on the 8th of September, by the then Archbishop of Canterbury.

The dignity of the Prince of Wales, as being immediate heir to the throne, prevented his being sent into Germany for education; but during his childhood, that restraint from which an ardent mind is at all times anxious to be emancipated, was certainly imposed upon him in a degree that pleads a powerful excuse for many of those irregularities which have been ascribed to him, but which his most rigid censors must allow, never made him lose sight of his character as a gentleman and a prince. The pleasures of society pre-

sented themselves to his youthful imagination under their most captivating forms ; but, to his honor be it spoken, though the Prince of Wales, at the age of nineteen, began, in some measure, to be his own master, he still continued to treat his preceptors with the most marked respect.

On the 12th of August, 1783, his Royal Highness attained his majority, and this auspicious event was duly celebrated at Court and in the City. The late king wished to limit his income to fifty thousand pounds per annum. This may seem a princely fortune to a few individuals who have no idea of the requisite expences attendant on greatness ; but, in reality, how few generous acts does it enable the magnificent mind of a Prince to perform, without embarrassing himself ! which was the natural consequence of so scanty an allowance to the Heir Apparent of this mighty Empire. The great defect in the Prince's education was the want of a knowledge of actual life. He was highly accomplished in ancient and modern languages, conversant with most subjects in polite literature, an excellent musician, and possessed of unrivalled taste in the fine arts ; but when the important epoch of his existence arrived, and he should have known the world, he had yet to learn the ways of man, and stood exposed, through the seclusion of his youth and the natural generosity and candour of his own disposition, to every lure of beauty and every machination of the designing.

Possessing, therefore, so very narrow an income for a Prince of Wales, it can scarcely be a matter of wonder or of severe censure, that his Royal Highness should have contracted debts which he was unable to pay. The truth is, he was soon deeply involved in difficulties ; he applied for assistance to his royal father, who, on a statement of his affairs, refused to interfere, upon which the Prince nobly set apart some thousands every year for the liquidation of his debts ; resolved to dispose of his racing stud, and to stop the buildings and decorations going on at Carlton-House.

Soon after this event, the wretched maniac, Margaret Nicolson, attempted the life of his late sacred Majesty. A coldness had for some time subsisted between this august parent and his eldest son, who, at the time, was at Brighton ; but the conduct of the latter highly became him, and proved



his filial affection and high sense of duty. He quitted Brighton without a moment's delay, and hastening to Windsor, had an interview with the Queen, his mother. He did not ask to see his father, because he knew Court etiquette forbade it.

The friends of the Prince, and they were many, argued, however, against his Royal Highness's being so restrained in his pecuniary allowance, and with justice. He was incapable, as the Prince of a great nation, of paying honor to foreigners of distinction; and while his affability and true generosity were so well calculated to confer singular honor on the British character, he was merely an impoverished man, with all his liberal propensities congealed in their natural current. After tedious debates in Parliament, ten thousand pounds were taken from the civil list, and added to his former income.

The awful visitation that attacked his late Majesty, in 1788, marks the next most important article in the life of George IV. as it caused those long debates on the Regency Bill, which drew forth all the Parliamentary talents of both the ministry and opposition. Just, however, as that famous Bill was approaching its last stage, George III. awoke as from a delirious dream, to the full possession of all his mental faculties.

The Prince of Wales acted nobly on this joyful event; he sent handsome bequests to the City, for the relief of the poor, to Edinburgh, &c. &c.

Shortly after this event his Royal Highness was promised to be exonerated from his embarrassments, if he married his cousin, her Serene Highness the Princess Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. He accepted the conditions, and the inauspicious marriage took place on the 8th of April, 1795, in presence of the late King and Queen, and a brilliant assemblage of nobility. Communication to the Parliament of the late King's promise was made at a season of great national discontent and difficulty; however, in May, it was decided that the income of his Royal Highness should be £125,000 per annum, exclusive of the Duchy of Cornwall, and that the jointure of the Princess should be £50,000 per annum.

On the 7th of January, 1796, her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales was delivered of a Princess at Carlton-

House. There had been some short time before a coolness between this illustrious pair, and this birth seemed to have no effect in producing any reconciliation. Time but widened the breach, and finally produced those fatal consequences which every considerate person must deplore.

In the year 1803, at the recommencement of hostilities, after the short peace of Amiens, his Royal Highness earnestly requested to meet the enemies of his country in person, in the field of combat. This rushing into peril could not be allowed to the Heir Apparent; otherwise, we doubt not but that he would have distinguished himself as became the representative of the warlike house of Brunswick.

At the beginning of October, in 1810, his late Majesty betrayed alarming symptoms of nervous debility, which increasing, he became incapable of transacting business. The Government, with certain limitations, was, therefore, confided to the hands of the Prince of Wales, and he entered on the high office under the restrictions imposed on him by the wisdom of Parliament. On the 30th of the following month, he gave a splendid entertainment at Carlton-House, chiefly to benefit the numerous classes of tradesmen, who, by the illness of their Sovereign, had been deprived of many advantages; upon which occasion, he desired all his guests to come in native manufacture.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent now assumed his full powers, though as acting in the name and in the behalf of his Majesty. The struggle for independence in the Peninsula was actively aided by the operations of the British army under the illustrious Wellington, who finally achieved its emancipation from the French yoke. In 1814, the Regent was visited by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, with the celebrated Prince Platoff, on the capitulation of Paris with England and the Allied Powers. The late Queen Charlotte held a Court at London on the occasion, unexampled in splendor; and her Majesty, with the Princesses her daughters, afterwards dined with the Prince Regent at Carlton-House. It was at this memorable period that the lovely and ever-to-be-lamented Princess Charlotte beheld his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg. A mutual attachment succeeded, and the consent of her royal father having been granted, the marriage of this illustrious

pair was solemnized May 2d, 1816. This union which promised to be replete with happiness, was prematurely dissolved by death November 6th, 1817.

The conspiracy in Paris was the occasion of the glorious battle of Waterloo, in 1815; a victory which, though dearly bought, is unequalled in the annals of military history.

His late Majesty George III. expired on the 29th of January, 1820, and on the 31st, his illustrious successor was proclaimed with the customary forms in the cities of London and Westminster. In July, 1821, the Coronation took place in Westminster Abbey, a full account of which is already before our readers. He has since visited Ireland and Hanover, in both which places he was received with the characteristic enthusiasm of the one, and sober loyalty of the other. Mercy is a striking attribute in the character of his Majesty, and he gave an exalted proof of it in the extension of his royal prerogative to the misguided beings, known by the name of Orangemen, whose lives were forfeited to the laws of the country.

Though domestic circumstances form an essential of a biographical memoir, our limits not allowing us to enter into a detail of both the public and private character of our gracious Sovereign, we have confined ourselves to the former; and now taking an impartial review of past transactions, we may, with strict justice, aver, that from the time of his Majesty's investiture with power as Regent, no period of our history presents such an assemblage of great and glorious events. The downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte, the restoration of Louis XVIII. on the throne of his ancestors; the brilliant campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula; the successes of our Generals in every part of the globe; the Battle of Waterloo; the presence of two illustrious Sovereigns at the British Court, and the arrival of an Imperial Ambassador from the distant regions of Persia, together with the late gracious visit to the hospitable shores of Ireland, and to the paternal domain of Hanover, form a chain of circumstances that will long be remembered with delight, and recorded with pride.

It would be an omission, however, for which we might justly be reproached, if we were not to bear testimony to

the true dignity of mind which his Majesty has displayed on many trying occasions; to his tender affection as a parent, his unremitting duty and unwearied attention to his royal mother, and his fraternal love and winning affability; nor ought it to be forgotten, that he is a kind, generous, and indulgent master, while in manners, he is universally acknowledged to be finest gentleman of the age.

The following anecdotes of the illustrious personage whose Memoir we have just concluded, reflect the highest degree of honor on his benevolent character:—

In the year 1794, a French emigrant went into a jeweller's shop in St. James's Street, for the purpose of buying a sword; he saw one, which from its apparent goodness pleased him, but his means were not equal to the purchase. He offered all the money he had, and a ring which he wore, in payment for the remainder; the man hesitated, and the unfortunate stranger endeavored to strengthen his request by stating the motive which induced it—he was going to join the standard of the Earl Moira. They were interrupted by the entrance of a third person, who hearing the conversation, called the jeweller aside, and directed him to let the foreigner have the sword, and he would reimburse him. He then left the shop, when the foreigner learned, that for this act of kindness he was indebted to George, Prince of Wales.

A Captain Finucane, of the Gloucestershire Militia, died at Brighton in the Autumn of 1809. The troops stationed there attended his funeral, and nothing could be more mournfully impressive than the procession to his grave. The chief mourner walked with a charming boy in each hand, the one seven, the other eight years old, sons of the deceased. Fortunately for these infants and the disconsolate mother, the Prince of Wales happened to be a spectator of the touching scene. His highness felt like a *man* for their bereavement, and like a *prince* endeavored to assuage its bitterness, by adopting the boys as his own.

PORTRAITS OF MODERN POETS.

.....
No. I.

MR. MOORE.

MR. MOORE made his first essay as a poet under the name of Little, but finding the public voice for him, soon resumed his baptismal title, and thus like a thriving trader began with "little, but soon got *more*." The attribution of a poem called "The Nun," to him is so questionable, that we will pass it over. His "Little's poems" introduced a new style to the town, a new school for lyric poetry; they possessed novelty, and that alone is a great attraction; but calmly to examine these far-famed poems, we find here and there a few absurdities, and lines like

"The shower *did* beat and the tempest *did* frown,"

are not remarkable for beauty. A little personal vanity too, when addressing a lady, he says,

"Take *one luxurious parting kiss*,
While yet I linger in your arms."

Those who know the little gentleman's round plump features may be a little sceptical as to the *luxury*.

His next poems were Epistles and Odes written at Bermuda, and his talents then seemed to have taken a retrograde movement, and the book was swelled with notes calculated merely to shew his erudition, and to acquaint the public that he had loads of learned lumber in his head.

His translation of Anacreon cannot boast of the only merit a translation should possess—faithful adherence to the original.

At length he produced "Lalla Rook;" now this is not an epic poem, nor a series of poems, but one of the oddest ollaporidas of prose and verse that was ever sent to the press. We are sensible of the beauty of the imagery of this poem; but Mr. Moore should remember, that similes were meant only to illustrate subjects, not to form them. In the fruit gardens we see the borders, indeed, variegated with flowers, but what should we say, if the garden grew the

flowers, and the borders only were left for the fruit? As a lyric writer, Mr. M. has no equal, nor can we think (with all reverence for our forefathers) he ever had one. Shakspeare's songs possess little imagery and no smoothness of versification; grandeur of idea they have, but that is by no means a requisite. A song must contain that, which will at once go to the heart, and which, like wit, must not require our consideration to admire it.

"The Fire-worshipper" is certainly the best poem he has produced; there, and there only, has he asserted his claim to grandeur and sublimity, and yet throughout this poem he falls into ruggedness and inequality of measure, a fault impereceptible in his other pieces.

His first and only essay as a dramatic writer was in "M. P. or, The blue Stocking," a comic opera. Operas generally are written for the ear, and not the head, and though not a sterling, this is a clever production; yet does he make an awkward, illiterate servant-girl moralize on poverty, and sing his elegant ballad of "Young Love." In this opera, he has attempted some comic songs, and here he has shewn us how ridiculous a clever man may make himself by attempting more than his genius capacitates him for.

We have now to consider his talents as a composer; of which his opera is the completest instance. The best air in it "Young Love," is a palpable plagiarism from "The last Rose of Summer;" indeed, he always seems to compose with some popular air for the groundwork, and then launch out and form variations. One peculiarity of his style is his composing most of his songs within the compass of an octave, and his predilection for the keys of E and F major, and eternal appogiaturas. His basses too are always inefficient; it is true, he does treat us with the key-note, its third and fifth, in the bass cliff; but take his music generally, any boarding-school miss could form as good basses after a year's tuition.

As to "The Twopenny-post Bag," and his other political works, he has never claimed them, and therefore we will not call him to account for children of his muse till their legitimacy is better established.

Mr. M. is one of the most fascinating, and one of the

most dangerous, writers of the present day; vicious sentiment, clothed in beautiful language, wounds deeper than grossest ribaldries. The keenly-pointed sword kills surer than the ponderous javelin. The mind that delights in reading the glowing descriptions of love and rapture which his works abound with, will shortly find the perusal act more as an incentive to sin than an inducement to virtuous feeling; the votaries of vice find in them tacit excuses for obscenity, and whatever motives may urge the writing, its effect is nevertheless deleterious.

Mr. M. in private life is the idol of every circle in which he moves—"his eye begets occasion for his wit." Though not blessed with a good voice, he is a feeling and pleasing singer, and we reckon among the happiest hours of our life the few we spent in company with this gentleman, when he sang many of the Irish Melodies, as they should be sung, free from ornament, and with none of the pathos of the Italian school. He is remarkably uxurious; and take him as a general writer and man of talent, if not the first, he is second to no man of the present day.

OLD MAIDS.

A SPRIGHTLY writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—I am inclined to believe, that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? "She will certainly die an old-maid." Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? "She has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expences and exact in her domestic concerns? "She is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an "old maid." In short, I have always found, that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-fading characteristics of that terrible creature, an "old maid."

CROYLAND ABBEY;

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE."

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Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time
And sterner hand of man, has wrought its fall,
And laid its honors in the dust.

THE guard had now been set for the evening, and the watchword given, when just as Penwald, a nobleman of considerable abilities, and possessed of great influence in the kingdom of Mercia, was finishing his last instructions, and preparing to repose himself on the rough bed which had been made ready for him on the top of the large turret which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, as well as the whole of the interior of that building, he felt his arm gently touched, and turning himself hastily round, he beheld by his side his young and beautiful wife, who he had believed was at rest in safety in her own chamber. "Tetha!" cried he, in an accent of surprize, "what has brought you hither?" "That, my beloved," she replied, "which has conducted your own steps to the spot—duty." Penwald smiled. "Women are not warriors," said he. "Granted," replied Tetha, "but while it is a husband's duty to defend his country, and the helpless beings that depend upon him, it is a wife's to share his danger, if necessity require it, or at least to disdain luxury, when he whom she loves is exposed to hardship. Do not then command me to leave you," continued she, placing herself by his side: "here will I pass the night; neither its loneliness nor its chills will have any horrors for me, nor will my Penwald's sleep, I trust, be less tranquil, because his Tetha watches it." "But you forget," returned Penwald in a tone which marked that he wavered in his resolution, and that her point was nearly gained, "that you will soon have another and a sweeter claim upon your duty, and that your own safety even ought no longer to be your sole consideration." "The wife," murmured Tetha, pressing her glowing cheek to his, "cannot be forgotten in the mother; neither I nor my babe must wish

for ease which is not participated by its father." Penwald imprinted an affectionate kiss upon her lips, as he gave his consent to her reiterated entreaty, and they both for some time endeavored to bury in oblivion their respective cares; but sleep fled from their eyes. "Your couch is hard," said Penwald at length, perceiving by her movements that she was awake, "an ironed breast is an uneasy pillow for the gentle head of a lady bright." Tetha raised herself upon her arm. "Oh! would that you had no longer occasion for these heavy trappings," sighed she; "alas! are there not evils enough in the world, that its misguided inhabitants should seek for more? Oh! look on yon beautiful moon, this bright and spangled sky; all breathes the secret voice of peace; the very air that blows has more than mortal sweetness in it, and soothes to harmony the throbbing pulse. The God of mercy alone wakes, and sheds his healing influence over creation. Behold how the unruly passions of man have subsided; the soldier sleeps, and the destruction of his fellow no longer occupies his mind, while his weary beast reposes by him, and hears no more the voice that calls him to blood and carnage. Oh! why cannot the holy calm for ever last! oh! why must the sun again rise on misery and war!" "Because, Fate has decreed it so," replied Penwald; "all live by destruction; every species is born to prey upon another, and man but follows the general example."

" 'Twas man's example," sighed Tetha, "that caused the general scene of devastation; the lion and the lamb were friends before he made them enemies." Penwald continued, "War is often a necessary, and in these times especially, an indispensable evil."

"But is that necessity less to be regretted?" enquired she. "Perhaps not," replied the chief; "but, my gentle wife, I believe you would willingly see me exchange the helm for the cowl, and remain in inglorious ease for ever." "Not so," cried Tetha, "my glory is my husband's honor, and dearly do I prize the valiant arm that subdues my country's enemies and my own; but still I mourn that an enemy is to be found, and my pride as a wife is alloyed by my regret as a Christian." "Oh, woman!" exclaimed Penwald, "how canst thou turn thy language to thy will, and clothe the secret thought in a garb so fair, that resolution is lost

in admiration, and the heart is taken captive while the judgment doubts. "Would Tetha," continued he, pressing her fondly to him, "have these objections to war, if Penwald's safety was ensured? or does not love, assuming the language of humanity, plead the cause of numbers for the sake of one? But be that as it may, how shall I trust my boy (if such the stranger prove) to your tuition? Will you not fit him more for the cloister than the field, or at least reproach me in your heart for instilling sentiments in his breast so opposite to your own?" "Whatever may be my own wishes," said Tetha, sighing, as she encircled his stately form in her snowy arms, "the will of my husband, and of Heaven alone, be done."

The moon was now setting; broad and red she shone in the horizon, while a dim light only gleamed around. "How solemn is the scene!" murmured Tetha, as impressed with a secret sense of terror she crept still closer to Penwald—the heavy tread and hoarse voice of the sentinel near her, made her start, and she turned fearfully round; but ere she could make any further observation, her attention was arrested by a luminous and dazzling light which suddenly surrounded them. She looked up, and beheld with indescribable awe the holy symbol of faith displayed before her. With eyes intently fixed upon it, she sunk upon her knees, while Penwald, though equally astonished, remained resting on his sword riveted to the spot. The cross was of a stupendous size, and so brilliant that it illuminated the whole building; for some minutes it continued stationary, and then as suddenly disappeared as it had become visible. The succeeding darkness was intense, and overcome with her emotion, Tetha sunk fainting on the ground, and was borne by her agitated husband to her own apartments.

The appearance had been seen by the greatest part of the garrison and household, and various were the conjectures that were formed as to the meaning of the phenomenon; but as all agreed that it portended good, the domestics openly expressed their joy, while the soldiers looked forward with confidence to the success of their arms, and chid the tardy hours that intervened between danger and conquest. To Tetha, on the contrary, the vision seemed only to bear a reference to her unborn babe; and already she believed it consecrated to the service of its Maker; a feeling of more than

mortal joy diffused itself through her breast at the thought, and she longed with increased impatience to press the holy infant to her bosom. She, however, repressed in some degree her solution of the mysterious visitation, and Penwald, though his own opinions coincided, perhaps, more with her's than with any other person's, professed to believe only that which flattered his military interest; for he was not less a soldier by necessity than by inclination. Descended from a line of kings, among whom military ardour had ever been considered a virtue, he looked upon the profession of arms a duty incumbent upon his race, and to have a son who should emulate the deeds of his ancestors, was the height of his ambition.

No opportunity, however, presented itself to the impatient and confident soldiers of realizing their wishes, and several weeks had elapsed since the appearance of the cross, when intelligence was brought to Penwald that the king of the East Angles was marching down rapidly upon him, with the professed intention of surrounding him and attacking him in his own castle. "We will disappoint him by giving him the meeting," said Penwald, sternly, and treading with firmer step across the hall, which echoed with the sound, his eye gleaming like lightning, and a vivid blush overspreading his manly cheek; "he shall soon feel the lion (alluding to his arms which were rudely emblazoned on the shield which he was now taking down from the pillar on which it was suspended) has sprung from his lair, and disdains to combat an enemy in his den." Tetha meanwhile sat motionless on the bench on which she had sunk when the messenger first imparted his unwelcome tidings, and listened with silent horror to the arrangements that were made for the sanguinary conflict. Penwald was now nearly equipped; his head alone remaining uncovered; with a sudden effort Tetha arose, and, putting his attendant aside, she took the helmet and presented it to him, with a faint effort to smile, but, overcome with her feelings, she threw herself on his breast and wept bitterly. No word, however, burst from her colorless lip. Penwald folded her tenderly in his arms, and reclining his cheek upon her's for a few moments, indulged the emotion that pervaded his own bosom; then precipitately disengaging himself from her embrace, he indignantly dashed

away the tear that trembled in his eye, and throwing back the dark curls from his forehead, he placed his helmet firmly on his brow. He paused for an instant; then casting a half-averted look of unutterable fondness upon her, he darted with the rapidity of lightning through the arch. A film overspread the eyes of Tetha as she beheld him disappear, and convulsively raising her hands to Heaven, she implored in expressive silence, that blessing and protection which hung upon her lips.

In a few minutes, Penwald was at the head of his small but brave army, and loud and fervent were the prayers that attended his march. The enemy was already in sight, and a bloody and obstinate fight immediately ensued. Their numbers were double those of Penwald's; but courage, aided by a conviction of success, supplied every other deficiency, and victory at length began to incline to the Mercians. Penwald saw his advantage, and pressing forward fell on the front of the Anglians with an impetuosity that was resistless, the whole army was immediately in disorder, and fled in every direction. He was now undisputed master of the field, and having stayed the work of destruction, he turned to his gallant followers with a graciousness peculiar to himself, and thanked them for their exertions. The loud shouts of triumph shook the neighboring woods, and the name of Penwald resounded in the air, when suddenly an arrow winged by some invisible hand, but evidently with premeditated aim, struck the gallant chief, and he sunk to the ground. A cry of horror and indignation burst from the assembled multitude at such heinous treachery and cowardice, and they thronged round him with breathless fear; but he was insensible to their anxiety. He had fallen to rise no more; the arrow had pierced his noble heart, and he who a moment before had stood in all the pride and joy of victory, now lay a breathless corpse. "Revenge! revenge!" exclaimed a thousand voices; but it was the inutile cry of despair. No one had noticed from what quarter the fatal weapon had been directed, and the murderer consequently remained concealed. With unfeigned grief, therefore, they raised the body on the bier, and covering it with the standard of the defeated enemy, they commenced their melancholy march to the castle.

(To be continued.)

VIEWS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

No. XIV.

INNUMERABLE are the instances in which the indication of premature genius have tended to the injury of the possessors, and been the means of their failing to acquire that most important of all mental acquisitions—*common sense*. Flattered and caressed as infant prodigies, they cease to act and think like other children, and as they advance in years neglect to acquire those habits of order and regularity which preserve the harmony of character, and prevent its diverging to the extremes of levity, eccentricity, or fatuity, which latter has not unfrequently been the case, where the faculties have been overstrained, or improperly exercised. Allowing such lamentable effects to arise from the injudicious pains taken to nourish precocity of intellect, even where extraordinary abilities and advantageous circumstances would seem to justify the measure, how careful should the instructors of youth be to examine with accuracy the real pretensions of every child apparently so gifted, before they accord to it that degree of admiration which fosters vanity, presumption, and self-will. A child of lively imagination and retentive powers, will often utter remarks which pass for original wit, when, in fact, they have only been gleaned from the observations of others, and float on the surface of the mind as shadows on the unruffled bosom of a lake, but penetrate no deeper. These smart sayings are repeated by the delighted parent to every wondering auditor, and the child soon loses all the infantile charms of diffidence and humility, becomes presuming, talkative, and affected; is introduced into society, where it gleans a few scanty ears from the harvest of knowledge; the stock is insufficient for the season, and a dearth must necessarily ensue. But leaving metaphor, and returning to plain matter of fact, I will take the liberty of introducing my relation, Mrs. Hairbrain, as a striking example in support of my hypothesis, that the premature reputation of genius frequently does a great deal of mischief.

Letitia Sparkle was the only child of parents who had begun life in an humble sphere, but had, by rigid economy and unremitting application, realized a comfortable independence, with which they retired from the fatigue of business to a pleasant country retreat; and, sensible of their own deficiency in point of education, they resolved to make amends by giving their daughter the best which could be obtained, without removing her too far from their own immediate inspection. Letitia was a child of quick parts, and made a rapid, though superficial, progress in whatever she was required to learn, and soon outstripped her parents in acquirements which probably had never been placed within their reach. With a natural taste and quick ear, Letitia read and recited much better than any of her school-fellows; her translations were given with more freedom and spirit than those of her competitors; and in her talent for letter-writing she so conspicuously excelled, that she soon became the amanuensis for the whole school, wrote verses, and fabricated enigmas, and was in consequence considered a girl of extraordinary capacity, and complimented with the appellation of "the Genius." When released from the restraints of education, she was allowed to follow the bent of her inclination, to read, to scribble, to lampoon, and follow every idle propensity without molestation, for her lively sallies amused her acquaintance and delighted her parents, and her nonsense passed current for wit. Whatever omissions were made by her (omissions which would have been deemed unpardonable in other girls) were palliated by the remark, that "it was excusable in a genius." Maturer age and the loss of her parents contributed in some measure to sober her judgment; she had sense enough to perceive, that most of those who had been foremost to extol her wit, while it secured them egress to her father's house, were the readiest to take offence at it, and construe general satire into personal insult. The men too instinctively shrank from any connection with a reputed genius, since those who had no talents themselves could readily dispense with it in a wife; and most of those who had, well knew the shallowness of her resources and the futility of her pretensions. Letitia, now no longer courted, flattered, or extolled, became less ostentatious in the display of her abilities; neglect taught her hu-

mility—but her imagination was still on the wing, and neither age nor experience have ever been able to bring it down to the common walks of life. At twenty-five she had the good fortune to obtain the regard of a young country gentleman in easy circumstances and regular habits; they were married, and have enjoyed as large a portion of matrimonial felicity as can be expected. Mrs. Hairbrain, however, though in every respect a very good sort of woman, possesses some peculiarity of character, which exposes her to personal inconvenience and to the ridicule of her acquaintance, whom she frequently offends through want of thought, or more properly speaking, because her thoughts are not under her control, but are always wandering from the point where they should be fixed. She one day remarked in a large party, that people who squinted were generally considered deceitful in their dealings. A gentleman happened to be present with whom her husband was about to negotiate an advantageous bargain, and had the unfortunate defect which she inadvertently alluded to. On another occasion, she was elaborate in her praise of a young lady who had eloped with the son of one of her auditors, and for which he had disinherited him. She will ask a lame man if he is fond of dancing,—a Quaker what he thinks of the last new play,—and of a lady who has recently buried her last child, how all her young family are. When she goes out for a walk, or ride, she usually forgets some appropriate part of her dress, and has been known to put letters in the post without seal or superscription. Sometimes when shopping, she leaves the article she has purchased at one shop in another, and once walked away with an old gentleman's gold-headed cane, instead of her own parasol. These mental aberrations, though harmless in themselves, sometimes lead to unpleasant consequences, and may ultimately produce that most deplorable of human afflictions which has unhappily been the lot of many who had more just claims to the appellation of a genius than poor Mrs. Hairbrain.

THE

ADVENTURES OF A SOVEREIGN.

(Continued from page 308, Vol. XIII.)

AFTER my late adventure, I passed into several hands without meeting with any thing worth recording, till I found myself in the possession of an officer of the — regiment, who had received me from the landlord of the inn at N—, to which place he had a few minutes before arrived. The principal part of the regiment had reached the town in the course of the morning; but my master, Major Mordaunt, and his friend Colonel Sedley, to avoid the heat of the day, had remained some hours at D—. Having finished their dinner, the latter was prevailed upon by my master to take a stroll into the town. Mordaunt was quite a young man, of high spirits and great personal attractions, while his companion, who was nearly related to him, was some years older, and had an air of pensiveness expressed in his appearance that was particularly interesting. They had not proceeded far, when as they were walking down the Mall, as it was called, the Major observed a milliner's shop. "Now for a little fun," cried he, gaily springing upon the steps at the door; "I dare say the girls are dressed in their very best in honor of our arrival, and it would be a shame to disappoint them by not giving them a look."

"Nonsense," returned Sedley, "come with me, I want you to see the fine ruins of St. Catherine's Nunnery, which are only at a little distance from hence. I assure you, they are well worthy of your attention."

"I dare say they are," retorted the other laughing, "and I make no doubt, St. Catherine was a very good woman, and I respect her memory; but I leave you to explore departed beauties while I go in search of living ones. I own I have no great partiality for antiques, ancient or modern, and as to a nunnery—the idea that so many sweet creatures were shut up in those musty old walls, who might have been the very soul of society, throws me into a fever, or rather an ague, for I am both hot and cold almost in a breath. I

shall leave you, therefore," continued he, withdrawing his arm from the Colonel, "to the enjoyment of your ruins, and wish you as much joy in your meditations as I make no doubt I shall find in mine." "Nay, listen to me," cried he, but his voice was unheard, for Mordaunt had entered the shop.

My master might have been farther from the truth than he really was, when he said, that the girls had prepared for their arrival. There had, in fact, been no inconsiderable pains taken to set themselves off to the best advantage, and seldom had that necessary appendage to the toilet—a looking-glass, been in greater requisition. Many a sly peep had been taken, and many a curl twisted from its former position, and the various parts of the dress adjusted, and re-adjusted in the course of the day. Expectation had long been on the watch to see "what sort of men they were," and many were the conjectures raised, as to who should serve the first or the handsomest customer. At the moment that Mordaunt entered, Mrs. Wilson was earnestly engaged with a lady who was at the farther end of the shop. The eyes of the young people were instantly upon him. "I want," said he to a very pretty girl, who hastened to receive his commands, "a watch-riband." A variety was immediately laid before him. "What color shall I have?" said he, laying his elbow on the counter, and looking full in her face.

"Blue," she returned, "in honor of the Coronation."

"Blue it shall be," returned my master, softly, "not in honor of the Coronation, but because it is the color of your eyes," and he fixed a stronger gaze upon her. The poor girl in manifest confusion appeared scarcely sensible of what she was doing. "Do you always blush thus?" continued he: "if you do, I should desire no greater treat than to stay and watch you;—but this is not all," said he, as he took the riband; "I must have a pair of gloves, and some lavender-water." The gloves were produced, but he was always the most stupid animal in the world at pulling on a new glove, and could never do it without assistance. "What a delicate hand," murmured he, as he endeavored to retain the one he held in his own. Again she blushed almost of a crimson hue. Mrs. Wilson who had occasionally glanced

an anxious eye towards him, appeared very fidgetty under the protracted conversation of her talkative customer, now again turned round, at the same time giving a sharp cough. Mordaunt immediately released the poor girl; but changing his position, so that his back only was visible to the good lady, he began a fresh string of compliments." "And this perfume," murmured he, again directing his large dark eyes on her varying countenance, "how sweeter far the 'breath of her I love!'" He sung the last words in a low voice, but Mrs. Wilson, who had at last effected her escape, came forward, and took the place of her youthful charge. Mordaunt drew himself up with a proud inclination of the head, and replying to her enquiry, that he had purchased what he wished, he took his change, and left the shop; but not without first slyly bestowing an expressive smile upon the pretty girl who had served him. Sedley was at this moment entering in search of him, and had observed the direction of his eyes. "Mordaunt," cried he, as soon as they were out of hearing, "why degrade yourself with conquests so little worthy of you?" "Why surely," returned my master, "you don't suppose I have any motive in what I have done beyond a little harmless frolic." "I do not," said the Colonel; "my opinion of you is very different; I believe you incapable of acting dishonorably."

"I should be grieved if you thought otherwise," said Mordaunt in a graver tone than I had yet heard him use; "I hold the seducer of female innocence a wretch beneath the name of man, and a disgrace to civilized society."

"Why then," returned the Colonel, "for a gratification, at best but an insignificant one, sport with the feelings of another." My master laughed. "Why, my fine fellow," cried he, "you don't imagine that girls are such fools as to believe the nonsense we say to them, or to fall in love with every man who pleases to compliment them? If they do, that is their fault, and they have a right to endure the pain they bring upon themselves; but nonsense, a girl like this could never have the presumption to suppose any thing serious was meant by thousands of such speeches, and glances too, as I have used this evening."

"How far a girl may be a fool for such a belief, or how far vanity, or any other passion, may induce her to over-

look the disparity of rank, is not my intention to determine. Much blame is to be attached to those who wilfully disregard the suggestions of prudence; but I am well aware, that such things as you allude to have been; and justly, or unjustly, I fear many a poor girl's peace, if not her innocence, has been the price of these inconsiderate frolics of our own sex."

"Perhaps, you speak experimentally?" said Mordaunt, casting an inquisitive glance at his companion.

"You are right," rejoined Sedley; "and as what I may say may have some weight with you, I will relate a circumstance which happened to me in this very town, the remembrance of which will always be a source of real regret and sorrow. It is now ten years since I was quartered here, at which time I belonged to the —th. Like you, for amusement, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, from mere wantonness, I used to frequent every milliner's shop in the place, flattering, and trifling my time away with any one who would listen to me. Among others was a girl named Maria Western; she was about sixteen, very pretty, very modest, and simplicity itself. It was my delight to talk nonsense to her; her complexion, which was her principal beauty, received additional lustre from the blushes which my compliments ever called forth. Few days passed without my seeing her either in the street or in her own shop, and I never failed to pursue my same unmeaning strain of flattery whenever I had an opportunity of doing so. I, however, solemnly declare, I never formed a dishonorable thought, nor would I have exposed her to any injurious imputations by my conduct; but truth compels me to own, that, attentive only to the pursuit of my own gratification, it never occurred to me, that Maria might place a very different construction on my words. After remaining here for some months, we received our route, and the regiment was soon after ordered to join the army in the Peninsula. On my return to visit my friends, I had occasion to pass through this place, and having appointed an old acquaintance to meet me, I found myself obliged through his non-arrival to pass the night in it. I am not aware that I ever thought of Maria Western after I left N—, but the remembrance of her now came forcibly over me, and I re-

solved to ascertain if she were still in her former situation. I accordingly took my hat, and proceeded to the High-street, where Mrs. P. had resided; I found, however, that another person occupied the house, and on enquiry, I learnt that the late proprietor had failed, and left the town. My disappointment was not very acute, and turning down another street, which led to the outskirts of the town, I pursued my walk. St. Peter's church stands at the bottom of it; as I passed the church-yard, I perceived a funeral, and observing that a good deal of grief seemed to be shewn on the occasion, my steps led me almost insensibly to the spot. Never had the service, beautiful as it really is, ever appeared more solemn and impressive; I listened to it with more than usual attention and reverence, and with the rest of the attendants, took off my hat. As I stood very near the grave, I stooped down from curiosity to read the inscription on the coffin, when you may guess my surprise, when I decyphered 'Maria Western, aged 22.' I was a good deal shocked. 'Poor girl!' thought I, with a sincere feeling of regret, 'thy career has been short; I hope it has been happy as it has been transient!'

"The mourners dispersed, and I was turning away also, when my arm was lightly touched. I looked round, and beheld by my side, a person whom I soon recognized as the bosom friend of the deceased, and whose name was Mary Ashley. She wept bitterly: I confess, I was a good deal affected. 'Oh! sir,' said she, 'could poor Maria have known that you would have shed one tear for her, what a comfort it would have been to her!'

(To be continued.)

AN ANECDOTE

CONVINCED that patience moderates every grief, a Frenchman conceived he could not speak better comfort to a young widow, who the day before had buried her husband, than by advising her *to take patience*. The widow having already within herself made choice of a second *caro sposo*, whose name was *Patience*, vivaciously asked, "What! has he mentioned it to you?"

D.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.*(Concluded from page 319, Vol. XIV.)*

If the government had sufficient good sense to allow the representation of *The Marriage of Figaro*, without insisting upon the suppression of a few passages, which, perhaps, in the main, were not likely to hurt the public morals; if the Baron de Breteuil was of opinion, that only those whose characters were already questionable, had any reason to dread the severity of its satire; the public was not quite so indulgent to that unaccountable medley which this comedy presents of the most subtle, and sometimes the most delicate strokes of wit, joined to matters of the most vulgar stamp, and the worst taste. In the midst of the most rapturous applause, excited by some truly comic situations, which are found in this piece, it was remarked, that the pit, with astonishing quickness of apprehension, and with strict justice, instantly seized upon those passages which had been previously condemned by men of taste, at those frequent readings which the author had given of his piece, and marked them with signal disapprobation. Beaumarchais had too much discretion to resist the public voice in this instance, and suppressed the objectionable parts. But the author met with the common fate of all those, who at Paris have the happiness, or misfortune, to engage the public attention; he was assailed by a shower of Epigrams, which were directed against his private character, as much as against his *chef-d'œuvre dramatique*. The most remarkable of these ephemeral productions, described every character in the piece as the representative of some fashionable vice, and the author as the prototype of them all. By omitting a few words, and substituting others, Beaumarchais contrived to take up his adversary's weapon, and employed it most successfully in defence of his piece, as well as his own character. On the fourth representation, he had a few hundreds of his amended Epigram thrown from the third row of boxes into the pit, which he had taken care to fill with his friends, to whom he had announced his expectation, that on this night his innocent piece would have to sustain the assault of the most

furious cabal that had ever been witnessed within the walls of a theatre. The Epigram, supposed to be thrown down by the author's enemies, was instantly torn in pieces, the writer was called for, and, by the unanimous suffrages of the pit, pronounced worthy of the *bicêtre*. This manoeuvre, which for its novelty and singularity, was every way worthy of a cousin-german of Figaro, was executed a few minutes before the curtain rose, and procured for the piece a greater share of applause, than it had ever before received. Notwithstanding this literary skirmishing, *The Marriage of Figaro* continued to enjoy the most triumphant success, and the author was heard to declare, that it surpassed his most sanguine expectations. This, however, had been foreseen by the principal performers; and Mademoiselle d'Arnaud being asked what she thought of the new comedy, replied, that it was a piece that would be "damned for fifty nights in succession."

As soon as Beaumarchais saw that his comedy was likely to reach a fiftieth representation, he hastened to announce in the *Journal de Paris*, that it was his intention to devote the amount of his share of the profits, as author, to some useful public charity; and a few days afterwards he informed the public through the same channel, that, an individual who had recently by his (Beaumarchais) influence been appointed to a lucrative situation, was of opinion, that he could not evince his gratitude to the author in a more acceptable manner, than by remitting the sum of five hundred *Louis d'or*, to be added to the fund destined for this charitable purpose. The object of this benevolence was at length made known by the announcement of the fiftieth representation of *The Marriage of Figaro*, on which night the whole of the receipts, both on the part of the author and the performers, were to be given for the relief of "*les mères nourrices*."

* Dr. Franklin, who at that time resided at Passy, near Paris, in a letter dated August, 1784, addressed to Mr. Whatley, the Governor of the Foundling Hospital, says, "A subscription is lately set on foot here to encourage and assist mothers in nursing their infants at home; the practice of sending them to the '*Enfants trouvés*' having risen here to a monstrous excess, as by the annual bills it appears they amount to near one third of the children born

Whatever might be the author's motive, nobody could question the utility of this act of beneficence, nobody could refuse to admire the splendid offer which he made to appropriate the whole amount of his share as author, which was no less than thirty-six thousand livres (£1,500 sterling) to the relief of poor women, who suckled their own children, provided his plan was backed by a public subscription.

A poor woman, whose situation in life condemned her to entire ignorance of "The Marriage of Figaro," and the benevolent purpose for which its fiftieth representation was designed, was indebted to mere accident for the portion of this fund, which afterwards fell to her share. This woman, who resided in an obscure hamlet above two hundred miles from Paris, had about five years before taken a child to nurse from one of the chorus-singers at the opera. For the first two years, she had been paid with tolerable punctuality; but

in Paris. The subscription is likely to succeed, and may do a great deal of good." And in another letter, dated May, 1785, "Since Rousseau with admirable eloquence has pleaded for the rights of children to their mother's milk, the mode has changed a little, and some ladies of quality now suckle their infants. May the mode descend to the lower ranks till it becomes no longer the custom to pack their infants away as soon as born, to the '*Enfants troués*', with the careless observation, that the king is better able to maintain them. Except the few persons of quality above mentioned, and the multitude who send to the hospital, the practice is to hire nurses in the country to carry out the children, and to take care of them. Here is an office for examining the health of the nurses, and giving them licences. They come to town on certain days of the week to receive the children, and we often meet trains of them on the road, returning to the neighboring villages, with each a child in arms. But those who are good enough to try this way of raising their children, are not often able to pay the expence; so that the prisons of Paris are crowded with wretched fathers and mothers confined '*pour mois de nourrice*.' I wish success to the new project of assisting the poor to keep their children at home, because I think there is no nurse like a mother, and that if parents did not immediately send their infants out of their sight, they would in a few days begin to love them, and thence be spurred to greater industry for their maintenance."

not having received either money or tidings from him since that time, she had determined to come and seek the parents at Paris, bringing the child with her. The father and mother had quitted Paris nearly three years. Some persons who had become acquainted with the poor woman's enquiries, sent her to the opera, where she arrived at the hour of rehearsal, and enquired for Mons. and Madame Le Grand. She was answered, that, being overwhelmed with debts, they had been obliged to quit the country, and that nobody knew whither they were gone. "Ah!" said the woman, "and had it not been for my husband, I should never have come on such a hopeless errand." Then looking at the child which she held by the hand, "Come, my little fellow," said she, "let us go home again, for we have nothing but our labor for our pains." Being interrogated, she said, that she had charge of the little boy whose parents she was seeking, for nearly five years; but as nobody knew what was become of them, she should make the best of her way home again with the child; "for," added she, "he will not eat the more for having neither father nor mother, nor because I have eight children of my own to provide for." These few words, uttered with that simplicity, which in doing a good action never thinks of its generosity, had such an effect upon those about her, that there was not one, even down to the subordinate dancers and chorus-singers, who did not forget his own necessities, and hasten to throw what money he had about him into the poor woman's lap. Some of them who recollect the purpose for which the fiftieth representation of Figaro was designed, thought they could not better fulfil the author's benevolent intentions than by recommending this worthy woman; and their recommendation was promptly attended to. She returned home with a sum of money, which amply paid her for the trouble she had taken, and convinced her that her husband was not so much to blame for recommending her journey to Paris, but which could never recompense that species of generous indifference with which, when she saw no hope of finding his parents, she quietly took the child back to her humble village, without complaint, and almost without regret.

MARIAN MELFORT;**A TALE FOR SPINSTERS.***(Continued from page 308, Vol. XIV.)*

I WAS one day sitting in my apartment cheerless and sad, waiting the return of Beverly from rehearsal, when I was told by the servant of the house that a gentleman wished to speak to me. Imagining it was one of the shopkeepers with whom I had dealings, I desired her to shew him up, when, to my extreme surprise, Mr. L——, the manager, entered. Alarm lest something had befallen my husband, I was so agitated that I could scarcely utter the usual complimentary salutation; but it was no sooner articulated in a hurried tone, than it was followed by, "I fear you have something to tell me about Beverly." Mr. L—— took my hand with an appearance of great kindness, and assured me that I need not apprehend any thing of the sort at present. "I am not surprised at your anxiety, my dear Mrs. Beverley," said he, "for I am well aware of the difficulties which you must unhappily labor under, difficulties, which must, to one like you, born to far different expectations, be humiliating in the extreme; it is, however, your own fault if you suffer them to overwhelm you." "How, sir, my own fault?" I rejoined quickly, "really I am not aware how you are justified in making such an assertion." "Pardon me, Mrs. Beverley, I meant no impeachment of your domestic management, I merely intended to say, that with your person and talents you do wrong in withdrawing yourself from public admiration. You might find many friends able and willing to serve you, if you were inclined to follow up your advantages. I myself," he continued, drawing his chair closer to mine, "have taken a lively interest in your welfare, and though particular circumstances obliged me to throw you for a short time in the back ground, it was never my intention to depreciate your talents, or lower you in public estimation." "Your apologies are unnecessary, sir," said I, coldly; "I am disgusted with the profession, and will never again tread the boards unless driven

to it by the cruellest necessity." "I am sorry for it," said he; then, musing, added, "but no, perhaps it is all as well; I still have it in my power to befriend you, if you are not determined to stand in your own light." "I feel truly grateful for your intentions, sir; but how do you propose to serve me independently of the profession? I should be extremely unwilling to incur obligations which I may never have it in my power to discharge." He smiled as he replied with a significant look, "The obligation will be mutual, my lovely friend; and I fancy I read in that intelligent countenance, that I am already sufficiently understood; if not, let me now express, without reserve, the unbounded admiration—the love—" "You are, indeed, sufficiently understood," I exclaimed with indignation, almost amounting to fury, "and is it from a man of your years, a married man, the father of a family, that I am subjected to such an insult? I did not imagine there was such a wretch in existence!" "My dear madam, you act this well," said the wretch, with a sneer, "for I flatter myself it is only acting. Come, come, be pacified, and listen to reason." "Quit my apartment this instant," I exclaimed, "nor dare again to address me in such language." At that moment Beverly entered, and without an instant's reflection on the consequences, I threw myself into his arms, crying, "Oh, Beverly! save me from that monster!" "Have you dared to insult my wife?" he demanded in a tone of resentful authority. "Insult her, indeed!" retorted the manager, sarcastically; "this is pretty language from a couple of strolling vagrants." Beverly, unable any longer to keep his passion within bounds, sprung upon the manager, who had retreated towards the door, and with one kick sent him from the top of the stairs to the bottom. I shrieked with terror, for I really believed he must have killed him; and in a few minutes the whole house was in an uproar. L—, though for a considerable time senseless, was not materially injured; and as soon as he could walk, quitted the house, vowing vengeance against us both. Beverly threw himself into a chair, and remained for some minutes lost in thought, while I tried to pacify the children, who had been roused from the pastime in which they were previously engaged by my scream. "Well!" ejaculated my husband at length, "we

have made a pretty piece of business of it. What is to be done now?" I could answer him only with my tears. " Well, well, don't cry, Marian. Though your beauty has brought us into this scrape, I am not sorry that I gave the old villain his deserts—but we must be off, I can tell you." " How off, Beverly! where are we to go?" " Heaven only knows," he replied; " but here we must remain no longer. Old L—— will prosecute me for an assault, and then throw me into jail for want of sureties, that he may more easily get you into his power. " But surely," said I, " when you tell your own story, and when it is known that in defence of your wife's virtue—" " The virtue of a fiddlestick," repeated Beverly hastily; " who will give any credit to the virtue of an actress?" then recollecting himself, " of a poor one, I mean, whose salary is only fifteen shillings a-week. Besides, Marian, he will make it appear, that it was a scheme laid between us to get something out of him—it was plaguy unlucky that I came just then." " I am not of your opinion," said I, coolly, for I felt hurt by the conviction that he was aware of the odium attached to the degraded situation in which he had hitherto persuaded me was mere prejudice in others. Beverly, however, was too much engrossed by his own thoughts and plans to notice what was passing in my mind; and after pacing the room with hasty strides for about a quarter of an hour, he said, " Well, Marian, it must be so; we must go to London; that is the only place to hide in after all: so pack up, my girl, the waggon goes out at six o'clock. We must walk down the lane, and be taken up on the road; our luggage is not too heavy to be portable, I dare say."

Silently and with trembling hands, I obeyed the mandate. Our scanty wardrobe was, indeed, soon packed, and previously to our departure, I gave my poor babes as comfortable a meal as circumstances would admit of, carefully depositing what remained in a basket to supply them on the road. Fortunately, we had sufficient money in hand to pay for our conveyance to town, and as we were indebted to the woman of the house but for part of a week, my scruples at leaving her unpaid were soon overruled by one more versed in such proceedings than myself.

Our journey was a sad and a wearisome one to me and the children; Beverly who possessed an inexhaustible fund

of spirits, which, to say the truth, never deserted him when he stood in need, did all he could to dispel the melancholy which oppressed me, and told so many ridiculous stories of the shifts to which his brother Thespians had been forced to make under similar circumstances, that he frequently beguiled me of my tears. A decent-looking young woman, accompanied by an elderly female, whom she called her aunt, were our only fellow travellers. The young one, we understood, was going to London to *better herself*, (the term used by persons of her stamp for getting a service where she would have higher wages and finer clothes), and for this purpose she had quitted a comfortable farm-house to acquire gentility, probably at the expence of innocence and honesty.

It was late in the evening when we reached town, and as we knew not where to obtain a lodging at that hour, Beverly proposed our sleeping at the inn. I hinted at the expense we must necessarily incur by so doing. The old woman, with all the unsuspecting hospitality for which the good people of Devon are justly eulogized, hearing our debate, observed, that she was sure her sister, to whose house she was going, would be happy to accommodate us, and though it was but a shabby sort of place, she had clean beds and a tidy garret, and would not charge overmuch. "Perhaps she would object to take strangers in?" I observed. "Lord love'e, not she," replied the good-natured dame, "when I tell her you be comed up from Devonshire wi' us, she'll be glad enough to see you sure." This point being adjusted greatly to our satisfaction, and the waggoner discharged, perhaps not quite so much to his, we accompanied our fellow travellers to the residence of their kinswoman, which was a small, but creditable-looking house, in the neighborhood of Clare-Market.

In the morning, Beverly left me at an early hour, and returned not till noon; but he then looked cheerful, and though I felt afraid to enquire, hope whispered me that he had been successful in his undertaking; he soon informed me that he had got an engagement both for himself and me. "It is but a poor job though," said he, "this season; we may do better the next, and any thing is better than starving. I am to take fourth and fifth rate characters, and you are to be figurante in the ballets, sing in chorus, or

play the civil chambermaid, when required. What do you say, my love, can you submit to this?" "Any thing," said I, in a faltering tone, "for you, and these dear little ones." "That is spoken like a good girl," said Beverly, highly gratified by my acquiescence, "there is nothing like bearing misfortunes with a good grace. We shall not be called upon to-night, so let us endeavor to enjoy ourselves. I have still a few shillings left, do you go and purchase something nice for dinner, whatever you like, and I will amuse the children while you are gone—pshaw! why do you look so silly? nobody will know you now." I cast a rueful glance at the little square glass which hung in our chamber, and felt the truth of his remark; for care, fatigue, and ill-health, had, indeed, made a material alteration in my countenance, and I sighed heavily as I drew on my bonnet, but made no reply; still a lingering degree of pride induced me to consider some further concealment of my features necessary, and I added a deep black veil and a shawl, once costly, but now considerably the worse for wear. Thus equipped, I sallied forth, and made my purchases.

Having laid out my penny to the best advantage, for sad necessity had taught me economy, I was returning homeward, when on casting my eyes towards a pastrycook's-window, a wish involuntarily rose in my mind to take a tart home to each of my darlings; it was a luxury they had, alas! scarcely ever tasted, though, in my days of happy thoughtlessness, I had squandered pounds on such dainties. The temptation was too great to be resisted; I entered, and having asked for what I wanted, was preparing to quit the shop, when a lady who had been giving some orders when I first went in, turned round abruptly, and looking me full in the face, exclaimed, "It is, it must be Marian!" I halted: the person who had accosted me was no other than my mother-in-law. Time had not effected so great an alteration in her person as it had in mine, for I recollect her instantly, and while burning blushes covered my cheeks, found that retreat was impossible. In faltering accents, I enquired for my father. "He is very well at present," said Mrs. Crawford; "but how is it, Marian, that you have never made any enquiry after him before?" "How could I presume, madam," said I, "knowing how I have offended?" "Your offence was great, certainly," replied she, in a low voice,

"and I rather think has not been without its punishment; but I do not take upon myself to reproach you—still your duty as a child should have dictated some apology, some concession." "I have often thought of it," said I, "but fear, and consciousness of having transgressed, deterred me." "Let me, however, advise you to delay no longer," said Mrs. Crawford in a serious tone; "time softens resentment; and I again repeat, it is your duty to make the first overtures towards a reconciliation." "Encouraged by your advice, I will make the attempt," said I; "my mind would feel relieved of a heavy burthen could I obtain a parent's forgiveness; believe me, I ask—I expect no more." "Be prompt then," she returned, pressing my hand kindly; and with these words we parted.

When I reached home, my agitated looks alarmed Beverly. I related what had passed, and he shook his head. "All stuff," said he, "she knows better; it is not her interest to promote your's; and depend upon it, she was only making a fine speech to convince you of her disinterestedness. However, you may do as you please; but I can guess what will be the result. Come, Marian, you need not look so sceptical; I know more of the world than you do." "Indeed, I think you are unjust towards her," said I; "but no matter, I may as well make the trial: but how hoarse you are, I fear you have caught cold." "I think I have," he replied; "for I got wet through this morning, and have remained in my damp clothes ever since." "Bless me! how could you be so inconsiderate? Why did not you change your coat when you came home?" "For the best possible reason," said he, laughing. "I had no other to put on." "Yes, you have your green one." "To tell you the truth, my dear, I was obliged to leave that with a *friend* this morning, as I went along, or we should have had no money to buy a dinner." I could not at first understand him; but he soon explained, and I felt astonished that he could treat so lightly what I considered the deepest humiliation.

As soon as I could sufficiently collect my thoughts, I wrote to my father, in such terms as I imagined would convince him, that however salutary his assistance might be at this crisis, it was not my chief object in addressing him. This letter I dispatched by the post, and then turned all my thoughts towards Beverly, whose symptoms of indisposi-

tion, to my unspeakable alarm, encreased hourly. The next day he was in a high fever, and I was under the necessity of sending for medical advice. In the midst of this affliction, a letter was delivered to me; it was from my father, and I tore it open with eagerness; a paper fell to the ground, but in my anxiety to peruse the letter, I did not notice it, nor that my little girl, who was sitting on the ground at my feet, had taken it up, and was tearing it to pieces. The letter contained these words:—

" You ask my forgiveness, Marian; but you ask it in terms which express little or no remorse for the step which estranged you from my favor. The indiscretion of your early youth I could pardon were it followed by that penitence which maturer years, and a full conviction of error, might be expected to bring with them; until I perceive these, I must withhold that forgiveness which I am, perhaps, as anxious to accord as you can be to obtain. On one condition, and one only, it may still be obtained, which is this—that you quit immediately, and for ever, the villain who seduced you from your duty. I know you will start at this proposal, and some fine romantic notions may interfere; but with one word I can overthrow them all—he is not your husband!" At this sentence a mist came over my eyes, and I sunk on the bed whereon I was seated, in a state of insensibility. Beverly was in a doze, and was not aware of what was passing, and I recovered without his knowing any thing of it. Again I snatched up the letter, and sought an explanation of this mystery. It ran thus—" I have made particular enquiries concerning the low-bred fellow who imposed on your credulity, and find his real name is Melfort. You might, therefore, be released by law, and I would again receive you as my daughter; your children too should share my protection, and receive an education that would fit them for respectable stations in society, which can never be the case, if you continue in the vagabond profession you have adopted. Reflect on this proposal for your children's sake; give it due consideration, and let me know the result. If you comply with my wishes in this instance, you may again consider me

" Your affectionate father,

" EDWARD CRAWFORD."

(To be continued.)

**POETRY,
HOW AFFECTED BY GENIUS AND ART.**

(Continued from page 266, Vol. XIV.)



Les Grecs, quibus dedid ore rotundo Musa lo qui, nés sous un ciel plus heureux, et favorisés par la Nature, d'organes plus délicats, que les autres nations, formèrent une langue dont toutes les syllabes pouvaient, par leur longeur au leur brièveté, exprimer les sentiments lents ou impétoreux de l'ame de cette variété de syllabes et d'intonations résultait dans leurs vers, une harmonie que les anciens Italiens sentirent qu'ils imitèrent, et qu'aucune nation n'a pu saisir après eux. Mais soit rime, soit syllabes cadencés, la poésie a été et sera toujours cultivée par tous les peuples,

VOLTAIRE PREFACE D'ŒDIPÉ.

In the pristine ages, when society was rude and uncultivated, and genius shone forth unassisted by art, we naturally look for a plain and unadorned diction, and this is peculiarly observable in the early ancient writers; and I would advance, with submission, a fact which I shall endeavor to establish—that as civilization has increased, so in proportion has that sublime and distinguishing style decreased which marks the rugged lines of Homer.

The Greeks, with their usual finesse, have ascribed the invention of poetry to Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus; but this scarcely requires notice, as it has already been shewn that poetry existed among the Hebrews at an anterior period. That the Greeks were the first to methodize and reduce poetry to a regular measure, is doubtless correct, and the metre generally used by the Greeks was Hexameter, except in such compositions as admitted of an irregular measure, as Iambic, Sapphic, &c. as may be observed in the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, the odes of Anacreon.

It is not my intention to enter into a disquisition on metre, and the fixed modes and rules laid down for versification; my object is to analyse the particular poetical genius of each nation, and to ascertain how far that genius is affected by nature and art, and I conceive, that this purpose cannot be better effected in the present instance than by examining, in a cursory way, the Iliad of Homer.

It is universally allowed, that Homer is the father of poetry in general, although his productions are strictly speaking of the epic class. It appears necessary to premise thus in order to avoid difficulties which may occur to a reader of the present day.

The subject of the Iliad is simple, yet most judiciously chosen; all will allow, that, in the rude time of Homer, no subject could be more dazzling and splendid for a poetical genius than the Trojan War. Upon the traditions of that war, Homer founded a poem which has ever been the admiration of successive ages, and which has called forth the most enthusiastic feelings from the united scholiasts of the whole universe. It is a chief merit of Homer, that he understood and gave the utmost effect to the characters of his heroes. In this point he excels all other writers; and, perhaps, this may be in some measure attributed to a dramatic or narrative style which marks every line of the poem. This I affirm is strictly natural; in fact, it is nature's self: the only rhetoric employed is that of nature; the only figures or similes, the rocks, woods, mountains, and other attributes of nature. By this means, we are carried along with the poem to the field of action, we participate in the fight, and harangue in the council. I ask, is not this the effect of nature? I cannot in this slight sketch of a production so divine enumerate those passages pre-eminently fine and beautiful, yet I am unwilling to pass over that striking description of the parting of Hector and Andromache, most particularly that of the latter's receiving the young Astyanax from Hector "with a smile of pleasure and at the same instant bursting into tears"—*δακρυοεν γελασασα*, as it is finely expressed in the original, and almost with equal beauty by Mr. Pope. Honor and sympathy, love and patriotism, together with every passion that can agitate the human breast, are exerted to heighten the effect of this celebrated scene.

It may be consistent to examine, in contradistinction to the Iliad of Homer, the *Aeneid* of Virgil; a work which has ever stood high in the estimation of the world, and which may fairly be taken as a standard by which to judge the poetry of Rome. Upon opening this book, we discover all the eloquence and correctness of the Augustan age, all that polished and pleasing suavity which distinguished its author,

yet, perhaps, these finished acquirements have lessened, in some degree, the nervous and eloquent descriptions which otherwise might have occurred oftener than they do, had not the author's genius been clogged and fettered by a false and feminine delicacy.

The poem opens with a most magnificent and truly poetical delineation of Juno's designs for frustrating Æneas's settling in Italy, and the storm which is raised by means of this goddess is worthy the pen of the Mantuan bard. Indeed this style of unity of action pervades the whole performance, thereby rendering it particularly regular; a circumstance, however, which tends not a little to mar the unrestrained sublimity of nature. Notwithstanding this and other defects, Virgil possesses those shining qualifications which have placed his fame beyond dispute, and almost weighed down the balance against Homer.

The chief and pre-eminent excellency of Virgil, is, in my opinion, tenderness; of this we find more numerous instances than in any other poem. Bounteously endowed by nature with a quick sensibility, he felt every trivial incident, and failed not to express the same in such a way as to penetrate the deepest recesses of the heart. It would be an almost endless task to enumerate those passages which depict this passion; in fact, the whole poem is one continued tale of suffering most pathetically and tenderly related. Can we forget the burning of Troy and the death of old Priam? Nothing can exceed this; it is a masterpiece, a noble *chef-d'œuvre* of feeling; neither must we omit the unhappy passion of Dido, the Episodes of Pallas and Evander, of Nisus and Euryalus, and the interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the 3d Book. These passages must ever be admired so long as a taste for literature exists.

In battle, Virgil is certainly inferior to Homer. He wants, as I have before stated, fire and sublimity; but there is one Episode, the descent into Hell, which casts a shade over Homer. There is nothing in antiquity that can be produced as its equal. The particular genius of Virgil, aided by the Platonic and refined philosophy of the Augustan age, rendered him a fit master for the subject, and prompted ideas of a majestic sublimity which could not be expected from the untutored genius of Homer in this particular branch.

I have entered into a short comparison of the merits of Homer and Virgil, having taken them as criterions for the respective ages in which they lived and nations to which they belonged, and by this means we shall, I doubt not, be enabled to attain the conclusion required. Upon the whole, therefore, all will allow Homer to have possessed the greater genius, Virgil the greater refinement and correctness. In the one we perceive, as it were, the huge and shaggy tops of some gigantic rock, which threaten the heavens and bear the impress of a native and awful sublimity; in the other, a blooming and cultivated valley smiling with beneficent nature, and rich with the works of art.

This brings me to the poetry of the moderns; the pleasure of discussing which, I must defer till next month.

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

IN a few days, another year will commence, which however varied in its events, will, in reality, glide away with the same rapidity as the one which is now hastening to its close. How swiftly has it passed! and yet it is a considerable portion of the time we have to spend in this world. Perhaps we may never "look upon its like again," yet with what indifference do we remark its exit; nor reflect that the changing seasons of the year are a type of our own life; both come to an end; and when that end arrives, not *one* moment, nor *one* action of either can be recalled, varied, or corrected.

The trees of a forest would furnish a lesson by way of similitude, for the world: some raise high their heads, and by obstructing the light and heat, soon deprive those of their existence which grow beneath their shade, while some are benefited and flourish better for the shelter; some, groveling on the earth, seem but to seek the foot of man to be crushed into oblivion, yet if unharmed, they spread wide, and fill those spaces disdained by their loftier companions.

November, 1821.

AMIRA.

VOL. XV.—S. I.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

CAIN: A Mystery. By LORD BYRON.

ANY production issued under the name of a writer so distinguished not only by talent, but by *questionable* extensive celebrity as Lord Byron, cannot fail to excite considerable attention and inquiry. Concerning his lordship's principles, character, and works, a strange diversity of opinion certainly prevails. There are few, however, but must admire that genius, by whose elegance, pathos, and force, the mind is delighted, softened, and impressed.

It is, perhaps, generally regretted, that while his lordship's productions thus interest the reader, they insinuate principles injurious to the morals of society and hostile to the Christian faith. They are therefore represented as dangerous as they are specious—infidelity and dissipation cherished under the disguise of splendid sophistry. The wise and the virtuous seem to look at them with a degree of appalling dread, as if oppressed by a presentiment of no common danger; the judicious and affectionate parent trembles to see them in the hand of a daughter or a son, fearful lest as the beauties of genius interest the attention,—errors may pervert the understanding and blasphemy enter the heart. All, notwithstanding, regret that a mind so capable of noble enterprise in the field of literature, of honorable and virtuous usefulness, should so far forget its dignity, and so irrationally pervert its powers, as even to grovel in the very mire of infidelity, and that thus in mental degradation, it should endeavor to undermine those sublimities, which in seasons of sober, manly, and native elevation of thought, it is impelled to acknowledge and adore.

It is worthy of remark, that whatever may be the professions of his lordship, or the tenour of his writings, he is impressed with the reality of those very subjects which he appears so frequently to oppose. And it may be a fair query, whether the noble author be not in *judgment* a Christian, though, like Atheistical philosophers in general, he may wish Divine Revelation were a fable, as it irresistibly strikes

a guilty conscience with foreboding dread. His writings seem to be regarded as admirable, and yet condemned as contemptible.

The vicious exult in having so noble an abettor, and wise men pity him. It is, however, in justice our duty to hope that such purposes as are either supposed to have been effected by his writings, or are apprehended thereby, are not really pre-meditated or designed by his lordship. Yet we are at a loss to account for the impression which was evidently made on his lordship's mind respecting the tendency of the work, which under the strangely incongruous title of "Cain ; a Mystery," is now published. The *dramatis personæ* are Adam, Cain, Abel, Angel of the Lord, Lucifer, Eve, Adah, and Zillah.

"With regard to the language of Lucifer," says the author, "it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness.

"If he disclaims having tempted Eve in the shape of the serpent, it is only because the book of Genesis has not the most distant allusion to any thing of the kind, but merely to the serpent in his serpentine capacity."

This is a sort of apology for the introduction of blasphemy; but it is so futile and absurd, that it can be no sooner read than ridiculed and disdained.

If his lordship felt any apprehension of the immoral tendency of any part of his work, what could induce him to send it forth to the world? Surely a sense of decency, propriety, honesty, or morals, might have prompted the author to restrain or correct, if not totally suppress, such passages as were likely to corrupt and debase rather than edify and improve.

If the noble author has endeavored to imitate Milton, we are sorry to find that, with all his elevations and flights, he has not only fallen short of Milton's sublimity, but, alas! of his chaste and sacred sentiment, and absolutely polluted the production with some of the grossest profaneness that ever the pen of infidelity has written. It is not without reluctance, and, indeed, sorrow, that we present a specimen of this most depraved work. Cain, alone and desolate, ut-

ters a soliloquy; and, in his impious reasoning, is soon attended by Lucifer, with whom the argument (if it may be so called) is carried on:—

Cain. And this is
Life!—Toil! and wherefore should I toil? because
My father could not keep his place in Eden.
What had *I* done in this?—I was unborn;
I sought not to be born; nor love the state
To which that birth has brought me. Why did he
Yield to the serpent and the woman? or
Yielding, why suffer? What was there in this?
The tree was planted, and why not for him?
If not, why place him near it, where it grew
The fairest in the centre? They have but
One answer to all questions, “ ‘Twas *his* will,
And *he* is good.” How know I that? Because
He is all-powerful must all-good too follow?
I judge but by the fruits—and they are bitter—
Which I must feed on for a fault not mine.

While thus in blind infatuation, Cain is laboring to represent the gracious Creator as the cause of evil, Lucifer approaches; but so abhorrent is the strain now indulged, that we must really forbear making extracts.

Reason shudders at the horrible blasphemy that is more than insinuated in the dialogue we have, in consideration of our readers, suppressed. It may be urged, that the language is merely that of the character; and that, in order to give due effect to the subject, each character should utter its characteristic sentiments, and betray its native spirit, whatever it may be. But the apology is altogether inappropriate to Lord Byron's production, as there are not sufficient opposites introduced to repel the obtruded evils, though his lordship confesses his suspicion in his preface, and was certainly aware of the impropriety of making fictitious characters the vehicles of daring Atheism.

The work is truly odious, and cannot fail to be reprobated and scorned. Nor need the fears of the virtuous part of society be unusually excited. It is not such a writer as Byron that can shake the faith of Christianity. The spirit that actuates is too obvious; it wishes, and it attempts accordingly; but it is enfeebled by its own tremour in con-

scious guilt; it betrays its depravity by the baseness and vileness of its effusions, and thus defeats its own cause. Having perused the works of Byron, on subjects which bear any reference to revealed religion, the intelligent and impartial reader, in honest truth, admires the genius, while he cannot but abhor the principles, and pity the man; and he is impressed with the propriety of the assertion, that, "with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool."

THE BOYS' SCHOOL; or, Traits of Character in Early Life. By Miss SANDHAM. pp. 152. Souter.

MISS SANDHAM is already known to the world by a variety of useful and interesting publications, adapted for young people. Her "Twin Sisters" we remember to have read in former days with interest and pleasure. The excellence of the morality and the improvement of accidental and trivial occurrences as lessons of wisdom, fixed our attention no less than the interesting circumstances of the story itself. The prepossessions which could not fail to be excited in favor of the productions of a lady so well known, and so deservedly esteemed, have lost none of their reality or strength by a perusal of "The Boys' School," in which are displayed a correct taste, a judicious discrimination of character, and above all, a piety of feeling, most creditable to the head and heart of the writer.

The character of Mr. Morton exhibits so excellent a conduct, and so much of virtue, that it excites our admiration as well as commands our respect; and yet we would fain believe that many a private establishment is presided over by gentlemen of talents as profound, and conduct as unblamable as his. Our best hopes on behalf of the rising generation, are, in great part, founded on the knowledge of the very improved character, both literary and moral, of those to whom their education is confided; and if the next generation be not wiser and better than the present, their's will be, indeed, a most fearful responsibility.

To Mr. Morton's benevolent disposition, William Falkner stands indebted for many sorrows escaped, as well as pleasures enjoyed; and to his judicious counsel he owes those principles of conduct and that formation of character, which not only tend to preserve him from the depressing influence

of misfortune, but which enabled him to pursue a line of conduct towards the unfortunate Belmore, in the patient enduring of affliction and long suffering, and in the more active virtue of returning good for evil, "not rendering railing for railing, but, contrariwise, blessing," most honorable to his feelings as a man, as well as ornamental to his profession as a Christian. The affectionate attachment of the former master and pupil, reflects credit equally on the gratitude of Falkner, and on the parental conduct of Mr. Morton.

The conduct of Falkner's in the mismanagement of his nephew's property, however censurable in itself, is, nevertheless, in one view, deprived of much of its odium by the opportunity which it affords the nephew for the exercise of the holy superiority of Christianity above the disappointments, afflictions, and calamities, of this present world. We sympathise sincerely in his sorrows, and yet in the contemplation of his heavenly spirit, can scarcely regret that they have fallen upon one whose resignation and acquiescence in the apparently severe dispensations of Providence, were only equalled by the forgiving temper of his heart, and the deep humility of his mind.

THE SCOTTISH ORPHANS; a moral tale, founded on an historical fact, and calculated to improve the minds of young people. By MRS. BLACKFORD.—Author of "The Eskdale Herdboy." Octavo, 3s. 6d. Wetton and Jarvis.

This is by no means a work of ordinary merit, and though we have not the pleasure of being acquainted with Mrs. Blackford's former publication, the "Eskdale Herdboy," we have no hesitation in saying, that if it be equal in any respect to the one before us, it does equal credit to the power of her imagination, and the correctness of her principles. We seldom remember having read any production of its kind which more strongly interested our feelings, or excited our curiosity than this little volume now under consideration, and the only regret its perusal has caused in us is, that we are left at an uncertainty as to the fate of the engaging orphans. Mrs. Blackford promises us a continuation, and we assure her we shall on many accounts gladly renew our acquaintance with her and her protegees, if we may so call them;

in the meantime we heartily wish the first part of this history may afford our readers as much entertainment as it has done us. With our young friends we are quite certain that "The Orphans," will be a decided and general favorite; and as such, we recommend it to the attention of all, who at this joyous season are inclined to add rational amusement to gayer pleasures, and who have sufficient taste to enjoy the beauties of a well-told tale.

POEMS, DIVINE and MORAL; many of them now first published. Selected by JOHN BOWDLER, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. Cadell.

When we look back upon the life of a man, who throughout a long series of years has devoted himself to the improvement of his fellow-creatures, it is next to impossible not to feel the most profound sentiments of respect rising in our hearts. Such is the case in the present instance; the name of Bowdler has long and deservedly been dear to every sincere lover of morality and virtue. We approached the present effort of his veteran pen with reverence, and we now speak of it with gratitude. A more beautiful or more judicious selection of didactic poetry could not have been made, notwithstanding his own modest ideas on the subject—"That my present undertaking (said he) might have been better executed, is too evident, but those who are struck with its defects are requested to observe that my object was not to produce a collection of elegant poetry, but to do good, and that having entered my seventy-sixth year, I had no time to lose; I therefore hastened my work, and extracted and abridged freely, and even ventured, in a few instances to alter a word or phrase, when not suited to my purpose."—We pity the heart and the understanding of any one on whom such an appeal may be lost, or even to whom it may be necessary. Having, however, bore our simple testimony to the excellence of the present selection, we should feel ourselves guilty of presumption if we suffered any reflections on the propriety and necessity of such a publication to supersede those of the venerable author himself. We shall therefore, quote his own admirable words, and leave them to make that impression upon our readers that we think they can scarcely fail to do.

" As youth is the season best fitted for instruction, and every Christian must admit that religious knowledge is the most important of all; and as verse is more easily learnt, and longer retained than prose, I have made the rising generation my principal objects. And being convinced by long experience that such instruction cannot begin too soon, and that short hymns and psalms are suited to the minds and memories of children even in infancy, I have placed such in the first pages of my book, and would earnestly recommend to those of my readers who have the charge of children in their tender years to teach them to repeat a few stanzas of these, even before they can speak plain. I know it may be done with pleasure to them, as well as to their instructors, and it will implant in their minds pious ideas of useful maxims, which will be retained and prove highly beneficial throughout their future lives.

" A practice has long prevailed (chiefly indeed among the lower and middle classes) of compelling little children to learn each Sunday morning, the collect for the day: a practise which appears to me very prejudicial. It is evidently useless, for these collects are no sooner learnt than forgotten. Indeed, it would be absurd to attempt to make children retain fifty-two collects in their memories. But there is a more serious objection to this custom: religion and its duties are serious and solemn; and, while it is of the utmost importance that these duties should be inculcated at the earliest years, it is, at the same time of equal importance, to use every effort, that they may not become irksome to the young, nor the Lord's day rendered unpleasant to them. But how can this be avoided, if, as soon as that day begins, they are summoned to a lesson as hard and dry as any of those of the other six days; and the perfect acquisition of which is rigidly insisted on? The Church Catechism and some short exposition of it, must be learnt, but even these ought to make a part of the business of the week, and a repetition only be exacted on the Sunday, and, perhaps, no other prose task need be imposed on that day; and if, instead thereof, a few short hymns be recited, which all who hear them will acquire without difficulty, the employment will become pleasant as well as profitable. For the truth of this, I appeal to Dr. Watts's excellent preface to his divine songs: the pious conclusion of which, I desire to adopt, and say, with

him, to all who are concerned in the education of children, ‘ May Almighty God make you faithful in this important work! May He succeed your cares by his abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Christian world, and a blessing to the earth!’

THE PIRATE. By the Author of “Waverly, Kenilworth,” &c. 3 vols. A. Constable, and Co. Edinburgh.

Proceeding from the pen of the author of “Waverly,” &c. this publication can be no sooner announced, than it may be naturally supposed to raise the eager expectations of those readers who not only admire an interesting subject, but know how to appreciate correctness of sentiment, and propriety of style.

We regret that we are necessitated to defer any extracts and remarks till next month, when we shall with pleasure present our readers with a copious review of the work.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE WIT'S RED BOOK; or, Calendar of Gaiety for 1822.

ROCHE BLANC; or, The Hunters of the Pyrenees. A. M. P.

MEMOIRS OF SELF-EDUCATED PERSONS, who by their own exertions have risen to eminence in Literature and Science. By Dr. Watkins.

THE LIFE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. By Miss Benger.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF JAMES I. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo.

LEIGH'S NEW PICTURE OF LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS for 1822, with very important additions, and numerous plates expressly engraved for this edition.

IN THE PRESS.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTE; a novel, by the author of “Such is the World?” 3 vols. 12mo.

A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON THE NATURE AND PRINCIPLES OF TASTE. By M. M'Dermot. 1 vol. 8vo.

BLIGHTED AMBITION; or, The Rise and Fall of the Earl Somerset; an historical Romance. By Maurice Brantome. 3 vols. 12mo.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR DECEMBER, 1821.

His Most Gracious Majesty keeps his residence at Brighton, where he is expected, from the preparations made for fêtes, galas, &c. to remain till the opening of Parliament, with an occasional visit to the cottage at Windsor; on his coming to town for the season, his Majesty will reside at Buckingham-house, where great internal alterations have taken place. Our Sovereign continues in perfect health and takes daily exercise either in the riding-house, or, when the weather permits, in the lawn or in the pleasure-grounds of the Pavillion.

His Majesty will open Parliament in person, and its being the first time since the coronation, a new arrangement will be introduced; Lord Gwydir, as Great Lord Chamberlain, will have the entire management of the House of Lords, and from his authority alone can tickets of admission be issued, which we understand will be done on a liberal scale; the tickets are printed in blue with a large red seal, modelled for the occasion, with a very elegant and appropriate device. In the late reign many persons claimed the privilege of giving tickets on this occasion which it is now proved they had now no right to do but from an illegitimate custom, and the number of persons thus admitted proved a great inconvenience, which will now be avoided. His Majesty's state-carriage, in addition to the improvements we have before stated, is to have a magnificent and tastefully decorative border round the pannels, composed of the collars, stars, and other emblems of the various orders of knighthood belonging to Great Britain.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, arrived in England in the beginning of December, from her continental visit; we are sorry to state that she left her royal and amiable sister the Dowager Queen of Wirtemberg indisposed, so that all hopes of the visit of that illustrious personage to this kingdom is at present set aside. Her Serene Highness the Princess of Homberg, was left in high health, and all those delightful spirits and vivacity that so distinguished her in her native country.

Among the presentations to his Majesty while he was at Hanover was Madame Kenster, the original Charlotte of the "Sorrows of Werter," who was most affably received. This lady, though in the wane of life, has yet a remains of those charms that operated so fatally on the romantic suicide.

We understand that the passports demanded for France this year is not half in requisition for the last; this is ascribed to the apprehensions of the Spanish fever crossing the Pyrenees, which has deterred invalids from visiting the south of France.

A commission is now going out to the West Indies from the British government, to enquire into the state of the negroes, whose indentures are now about to expire; and to devise means for their future support, independent of slavery.

A German paper states that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland has intimated his Majesty's intention to revisit the Continent in July next, and make some stay at the baths of Pyrmont.

It appears that his Majesty was much interested by his nephew the little Prince George of Cumberland, and invited his royal parents over to this country; their residence while in town to be the apartments belonging to the late Duke of Kent.

Mr. Alexander Baring has purchased for the sum of £300,000 the noble mansion of the Honorable Mr. Petre, in Norfolk, and its extensive domains.

Emigration to Canada.—We understand, that notwithstanding the urgent entreaties and representations of the gentlemen and landholders of Lanark and Pembrokeshire, who promoted the recent emigration to Canada, that Government will not for the future give the donation of £10 to each individual; a tract of land and agricultural implements will be given, and nothing further.

Paris.—During the last week, the arrival of several expresses from that capital has announced a great fluctuation in the funds there, on account of the late ministerial changes, and in some way connected with the alarming state of Spain. Spanish funds are of course in a depressed state.

Accounts from Ireland are still such as excite horror and commiseration. Several of our troops have embarked for that country. A variety of reports are in circulation that are little

to be depended on; it is certain, that a powerful commission is enquiring into the state of affairs, and taking active but humane measures to arrange affairs; and if possibly, tranquillize that portion of his Majesty's dominions.

We feel great pleasure in stating, that the staple manufactory of Leicester, and the adjoining counties of Derby and Nottingham, were seldom known to be more brisk than at present, particularly in the cotton-hose branch: the unusual activity in the latter is attributed to the recent success of the South Americans, and their near approach to independance. Several large orders for hose and cotton-lace has already been received from that interesting portion of the world, which are getting ready with alacrity. The demand for cotton stockings from Baltimore and other North American provinces also, exceeds those of two or three years past. We are also happy to state, that the manufactories of Trowbridge are in a very flourishing state.

A noble lord, whose estates are in Ireland at a rental of £20,000 a year, receives not more than one quarter of that sum, which is an instance out of many, of the evil of employing middle-men.

The University of Dublin has lost in the late Dr. Barrett, a learned but most eccentric man; the trait that was remarkable in him was such an extensive memory, that he might be properly styled a walking encyclopædia of learning. For the last sixty years he never left the college walls, except to receive his dividends: he was possessed of a strange collection of old plate, china, books, and antiquities; several watches of Tompions, and the best Cremona violin in Britain. To his four nieces he has only bequeathed £25 a year each.—£200 a year to the college rector, and £75,000 in charities.

Letters from St. Petersburgh state, that the government is very busy with its new tariff of customs, which are described to be as very prejudicial to foreign manufacturers; many articles which has been previously tolerated, will in future be most rigorously prohibited, and very heavy entry duties will be imposed on others, so as to render it nearly equal to prohibition; amongst which, are specified refined sugars, and many articles of English manufacture.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

"**DE MONTFORT**," a tragedy, by Miss Joanna Baillie, has been revived at this theatre, having undergone extensive alterations; many years has elapsed since it was first represented on the stage. At that time Mr. Kemble appeared as De Montfort, that compound of malignity and fearful passion, without adequate cause to draw forth either; and Mrs. Siddons was his noble-minded sister Jane De Montfort.—The play did not then meet success, nor do we think, though its chance is certainly greater in its present hands, that it will long retain possession of the stage; it is deficient in incident and versimilitude.

The whole weight of the piece falls on De Montfort. Mr. Kean is perfectly the man to pourtray such a character; it is a prize to him, and he acted as if he felt it were so; his powers excited admiration while he trod the scene, but no sooner had he quitted it, than the audience naturally asked their own minds, Why such terrific powers were called into action? Envy of another man's rising fortune and well-earned praise, is all that the malevolence of the hero of the piece can be ascribed to; while Jane De Montfort, is a pattern of all that is estimable in the female character; and Rezenfelt, with his social wit, openness of heart, and his determination to meet pride and sullenness with unshaken pliancy, engages our esteem and affection.

The writing throughout the piece is excellent. Its loftier passages are eloquently grand, and the softer full of simplicity and tenderness.—The interviews between the brother and sister are in the best possible taste. What we most object to is the numerous imprecations which are placed in De Montfort's mouth; one of Mr. Kean's looks told more than a thousand of them. The finest scene in the tragedy, in our opinion, is, where Conrad informs him, that Rezenfelt aspires to the hand of his sister; and his rage on beholding her freely conversing with the accursed of his heart was really terrific; nor shall we easily forget his enfrenzied look when Rezenfelt dis-

covers him; De Montfort, stung by remorse, is the victim of his own hand. Mr. Kean's whole performance of this arduous character, commanded the most respectful attention and lively applause. Mrs. Egerton was very successful in Jane De Montfort.

Mr. Kean has appeared during the month in several of his favorite characters; and for the first time as Lord Hastings, in Jane Shore; but his principal attraction is his Sir Giles Overreach, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."

A Miss Edmistone, whom we consider a most interesting young lady, made a successful debut as Jane Shore, and delineated the character with uncommon excellence. She has since appeared as Lady Macbeth, but not with equal success; her powers want more maturing before she will be capable of sustaining that very difficult character; but we do not despair of her future performance.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE "Exile," still continues to attract full houses; it has been frequently performed during the last month, as well as the revived comedy of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona, which has been got up in that elegant and liberal style that distinguishes this house in its gorgeous pageants; the carnival and its processions affording the managers, artists, &c. an ample scope in its display, and is most admirably and faithfully executed. The "Two Gentlemen of Verona," is by some authors and critics denied to be an offspring of Shakspeare's, as no attested copy can be found with his name, but Dr. Johnson, and we quote him as a great authority, is of opinion that it was really a production of our British bard. "For if we give it not to Shakspeare, (writes the Doctor, in his commentaries), with all its beautiful passages, fine images, and glowing language, to whom can we give it?" And we entirely coincide with his judgment in this respect, and think "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," bears indubitable marks of the hand of that immortal genius, though by no means of one of his chief productions.

The Christmas Pantomime at this house is entirely new, and is derived from the ancient fable of Mother Bunch and the Yellow Dwarf.





Fashionable Dinner & Evening Dresses for Janst 1822.

Pub. Janst, 1822, by Dian & Monday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR JANUARY, 1822.

DINNER-PARTY DRESS.

ROUND dress of fine clear muslin over white satin; the dress elegantly ornamented at the border with narrow quilled flounces, touching each other and set on in points; one flounce rather narrower, set on straight at the edge of the hem. The bust trimmed with a row of points, falling over, edged with full quillings of Urling's patent lace; a white satin girdle buckled behind with a pearl buckle. The hair arranged in the Roman style, with a tiara of pearls, and a pearl necklace and ear-rings. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves. This dress is peculiarly in favor for young married ladies on their first appearance in parties.

PARISIAN EVENING DRESS.

CASHMIRE dress with a broad shawl border, beautifully variegated in different colors. *Corsage* of white satin, with transparent long sleeves of fine net, surmounted by *mancherons* of white satin, confined by cashmire borderings to answer the colors on the border of the dress. Eastern turban of white satin, with gold ornaments of *cordon* and tassels, and finished by a Bird of Paradise plume. Necklace and ear-rings of pearls, large and small, intermingled, of beautiful workmanship. White satin shoes, white kid gloves, and white crape fan, richly spangled with gold.

The above attractive dresses were furnished us by Miss Pierpoint, from her tasteful repository of English and foreign fashions, at No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square. The above-mentioned lady is the inventress of the *Corset à la Grecque*.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE commencement of the winter was so extremely mild, that though invention was busied in preparing, under novel forms, the pelisse, well lined with fur, and the warm and costly

mantle, they did but partially make their appearance. The season of the year, however, called forth the attention of our British fair to adopt their winter's clothing; as in our uncertain climate, not only damp weather brings with it colds, the foundation of more serious ailments, but frost will often on the morrow succeed to a warm and moist yesterday.

Accordingly for the promenade, the most approved envelope is a pelisse of fine cloth; the favorite colors for which are garter-blue, bright amaranth, or the dull-looking red of the unripe mulberry; this latter color is extremely becoming. Plaid silks, trimmed with swansdown, are much in requisition for carriage pelisses; and shawls with a broad net fringe are thrown over the high dresses of colored bombazeen or Cachmire.

The most favorite bonnet is of fine brown beaver, much smaller than the frightful head-coverings of the last summer and autumn: a beautiful plumage of the same color plays over this hat, which is truly appropriate for the winter season. The other bonnets are made of plain or figured velvet, generally black, or of some dark color; plain for walking, and with feathers for the carriage.

Scarlet gowns, either of poplin or bombazeen, are very much worn amongst the leaders of fashion belonging to the higher classes: of whatever material, they are generally *robes aux deux firs*; that is, a high or low dress by the putting on or off a little] temporary spencer. A short apron, simply ornamented, is worn with this truly suitable winter dress. Silks of all kinds, and satins, are in general favor for both the dinner and evening party. A favorite dress for the evening is a white satin slip, under a dress of Urning's black Chantilly lace; with a sash tied behind of the Belzoni or *Egyptian* plaid.—We cannot forbear remarking the absurdity of the term *Egyptian* to the Scotch word *plaid*, when given to the chequers on a mummy's tomb of two thousand years old.—It is a pity the venders of silks and ribands should be so very *unclassical*; it is like the drapers naming the fine cloth Cachmire, which is an article so totally different to that woven in the lovely valley of Cachemire. Morning dresses are of fine cambric, with geranium ribands.

The morning head-dresses are of very fine lace, in mobs, and generally without any ornament; they are fuller on the

forehead than they have been for two or three months past. The hat *toque cornette*, and the Scotch bonnet, with one Douglas plume, are the favorite head-dresses for home costume. For the evening, turbans of white satin, with the rouléau part of silver-striped ganze, on a *ponçau* ground, the left side finished by a tassel of pearls, and a bandeau of pearls across the hair in front, are much admired; as is also a Mary Stuart hat of white satin, with a plume of vulture feathers. Young ladies arrange their hair after the style of Isis: the hair divided from the top of the head, and falling down each side and behind in long ringlets: we do not admire this head-dress, except for a very pretty shaped head, on a small, light figure; and we give the preference to the Faustina style, just adapted, and likely to be prevalent, of the hair parted from the forehead in moderate-sized curls next the face; and the hinder hair gracefully wound round the head, till it terminates in a coronet plait on the summit.

The favorite colors are garter-blue, bright amaranth, Cerulean blue, and scarlet.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

WE do not find, by our French correspondents, that there has been quite as much wet weather in France as we have experienced at the beginning of our winter; we, however, read but of few changes in the out-door costume of the Parisian ladies. They still wear the *demi-saison* pelisse of *gros de Naples*; and this is generally of a light tea-color, trimmed with braided satin riband of the same hue; with standing-up collar, and a triple ruff of Mecklin lace. A mantle of Carmelite-colored Levantine, lined with pink satin, is next in favor; and this worn over a dress of *Barège* silk, proves the extreme mildness of the weather in Paris towards the latter end of December.

The favorite bonnets are of chequered shag silk, ornamented with velvet flowers, which are the favorite finish to all hats; though full plumes of feathers are, notwithstanding, still worn in carriages, and at the public promenade; and these are generally on black velvet bonnets; the plumage pink and black, or all white. Fluted satin bonnets are much admired. The velvet flowers are chiefly of winter colors; and consist of corn-poppies, or double damask roses. Leghorn hats are now only

worn in morning walks: they are of the *paysanne* shape, and are trimmed with very broad white satin riband, with a large bow in front.

A favorite home dress is a fine Merino cloth, of a dead-leaf color, trimmed with six bands round the border of satin of the same color. Silk dresses for the evening continue in favor, of various colors; and they are ornamented with full wadded *rouleaux*, in half festoons; the sleeves are short and full. But the most favorite evening dress, however, is of black velvet, with double gauze flounces, edged and headed by black satin: long white crape sleeves, entwined round the arm with *rouleaux* of white satin, are headed by full short sleeves of velvet, with gauze plaitings, to correspond with the flounces on the skirt: a black lace standing-up tucker relieves the whiteness of a fair neck, and a belt clasps the too-long-waist, of black satin fastened with a pearl buckle in front.

Dress hats are much worn for evening head-dresses; some are of black velvet, with superb plume of white Marabout feathers: others of white satin looped up on one side with three buttons and loops, and surmounted by a full plume of white curled feathers. A Moorish turban of white gauze and satin is next in favor, and the Bourbon cornette of white and rose-colored satin, ornamented with large, full-blown Provence roses. Young ladies wear a diadem ornament of pearls in their hair, placed rather backward and on one side. The black velvet Tyrolese toque hat, crowned with a profusion of white feathers, is a favorite evening head-dress for married ladies; as is a celestial blue velvet toque, with a long white lace veil thrown back.

The favorite articles in jewellery are pearls and emethysts; and the most prevalent colors, carmelite, rose-color, coquelicot, lavender, and gold color.

The dress of the French ladies is, at this period, remarkably modest and correct; the shoulders are always covered; and the dresses are chiefly made partially high. We object to nothing except their long waists; but so pleased are we with their decorous attire, that we cannot help saying, to many a *really virtuous* British lady, in spite of *appearances*, and who will understand us, "Go, thou, and do likewise."

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE DEAF JUSTICE.

(PARTLY FROM THE GERMAN.)

BY T. B. G.

Wits, readers, aye, and critics too,
Like many a controversial brother,
(Though all they say may yet be true)
Don't clearly understand each other.

A DEAF old man, and deafer dame,
Before as deaf a justice came,
The clerk had ears, but, sooth to say,
He and his ears were gone away ;
But still the justice, nothing fearing,
Gave the case what he call'd a hearing ;
And thus, with many a gesture quaint,
The plaintiff made his sad complaint :—

" Your worship, as asleep I lay,
Last night, beside the London way,
I dreamt I smelt a famous smoke,
And miss'd my whiskers when I woke.
Your worship, 'twas a burning shame ;
I hope, I trust, you'll trounce the dame.
I did not see her; but I heard,
She was the brute that burnt my beard."

" 'Tis false, most false," the matron cried,
" In every word, he spake, he lied.
The thing's as clear, as clear can be,
My husband caught it in the sea,
A famous fish, beyond a doubt,
But nothing to this foolish lout."

The justice heard, and shook his head;
 Then smiling to the plaintiff said,
 " And so you're married! well, my boy,
 With all my heart I wish you joy.
 You've got a noble, strapping lady—
 Well, well, I hope, the cradle's ready."

The lady court'sied, " no," said she,
 'Twas at the bottom of the sea.
 " Yes, please your worship," said the man,
 " She burnt it with a warming pan."
 " Aye!" said the justice, " that was right—
 Well, well, I wish you joy—good night!"

GOOD-BYE AND HOW-D'YE-DO*.

ONE day, Good-bye met How-d'ye-do,
 Too near to shun saluting ;
 But soon the rival sisters flew
 From kissing to disputing.

" Away!" says How-d'y'e-do, " your mien
 Appals my cheerful nature ;
 No name so salt as your's is seen
 In sorrow's nomenclature.

" Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
 Your cloud comes o'er to cloud it ;
 Whene'er I plant one bosom flow'r,
 Your mildew-drops to fade it.

" As How-d'ye do has tuned each tongue
 In hope's delighted measure,
 Good-bye in friendship's ear has sung
 The knell of parting pleasure.

* We shall occasionally insert pieces of merit from approved authors, under the double motive of forming the taste and contributing to the amusement of our readers.

" From sorrow's past, my magic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
Whilst you from present joys distil
The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, " Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray, who'd think of How-d'y-e-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded.

" Without my prior influence,
Could you have ever flourished?
And can your hand one flower dispense,
But those my tears have nourished?

" How oft if at the Court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'y-e-do has fail'd to move,
Good-bye reveal'd the passion.

" How oft, when Cupid's fire decline,
As every one remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers.

" Go, bid the timid lover chuse,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-dye-do's
One kind ' Good-bye' would barter.

" From Love and Friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our joint assistance.

" 'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time there's no denying;
One half in How-d'y-e-doing goes,
The other in Good-byeing."

**LINES
ON A SLEEPING CHILD.**

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

SLEEP, lovely boy! and round thy head
 May angel-pinions softly spread,
 And o'er thy closing eyelids shed
 The dew of Heaven!
 And may *his** spirit rare descend
 Who liv'd man's universal friend,
 And with thy parents' virtues blend
 In measure even!

So shall each moral charm combin'd,
 Be in thy spotless bosom shrin'd,
 Till this fair temple of thy mind
 Long years destroy;
 Then shall thy soul exulting rise,
 'Mid Heav'n's seraphic harmonies,
 To seek within its native skies
 Eternal joy!

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A YOUNG POET, WHO WAS
 COURTING A LADY NAMED PAIN.

SOME seek for ev'ry earthly joy,
 Some search for sordid gain;
 Ambition gives to some employ;
 But all my *joy* is *Pain*!

To see the gaudy pageant pass,
 Is thought by some a treasure;
 'Tis mine to shun it—for, alas!
 My *Pain* is all my *pleasure*!

* The grandfather of this child; a man whose exemplary life and great fortune were dedicated solely to acts of benevolence.

Some ask the pow'rs to give them wealth,
And oft it proves their bane ;
I ask a paradox—for health—
But with that blessing—Pain !

J. M. LACEY.

“ MY DEAR.”—To ——

Oh ! say but yet those words once more,
Oh ! call me, love, thy dear, again ;
To greater joys let others soar,
I seek but that—say not in vain.

Oh ! say but yet those words once more,
Delightful to my ear their sound ;
Repeat them, love, till life is o'er,
And all its functions cease to bound.

And should'st thou live to see the time,
One boon I ask—a briny tear,
Dropp'd at the foot of mem'ry's shrine,
To him who once to thee was dear.

J. B.—n.

TO MY FRIEND C. P.—.

Caprice, thy name is woman.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE was a time, my friend, when you
Told me the secrets of your soul,
And, blushing, owned a lady too,
The pledge of many a flowing bowl.

Years have roll'd on since that took place,
Succeeding seasons pass'd away,
When you detail'd with lengthen'd face,
The luckless frolic of a day.

Rejected ! take it not to heart ;
Women are fickle as the wind.
I pr'ythee, are we not to part,
And leave our love and wine behind ?

Cheer up, my friend, for e'er we fix
 Our destiny on earth for life,
 Sorrow and joy will courtship mix,
 And make, perhaps, a better wife!

R. B—p.

Marriages.

At Cambridge, the Rev. Lort Mansel, B. A. Vicar of Munsterworth, Gloucestershire, to Isabella Mansell, eldest daughter of the late Lord Bishop of Bristol. By special licence, Sir Henry Hardinge, K. C. B. to Lady Emily Jane James, sister of the Marquis of Londonderry. Lieut. Col. Parke of the Grenadier Guards, to Eliza, the only daughter of the Rev. Vere Ishem. Edmund Hodgson, Esq. of Wimpole-street, to Sophia, daughter of the late John Dorman, Esq. of Dartford.

Deaths.

The R. H. Sir J. Mansfield, aged 88, late Chief Justice of Common Pleas. At his seat, Thornton Hall, Bucks. Sir Thomas Sheppard, Bart. in his 76th year. At Florence, the Countess of Besborough, after a short but painful illness of two days. At Brighton, James Perry, Esq. Editor and Proprietor of the Morning Chronicle.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—The communications of N.—of Ella,—J. B—n, of Miss M. L. Rede,—J. M. L.—T. M.—C. H.—L. Y. R.—H. G.—Amira,—Candidus,—Homo,—Winter,—Reflections,—A true Story,—Evangelicus,—A Bristol Correspondent.

We should be glad to communicate with R. and regret that he has given us no address. Should this notice meet his eye, we beg he will let us hear from him without delay.

We have to apologize to Azim for not noticing his favor; he is, however, quite wrong in his opinion respecting any preference having been observed in his contributions. We have many friends to oblige; but it is a rule from which we cannot depart, to insert those pieces first which we have accepted first. His excellent translation, which we certainly prefer to the communications which have induced him to adopt so *angry an epithet*, shall appear as soon as possible. We hoped to have done so last month.

The omission which R. B—p complains of was unavoidable, and as such we trust, he will excuse it. His kind offer we are unfortunately obliged to decline, as our arrangements are already made.

We have at present so much matter on our hands, that we are unable to accept A. Z—'s communication.

We hope to hear from N. in the course of the month.

We shall feel obliged to Mr. J. M—t for his address, and for the remainder of his last contribution.

We must request the favor of Amira to send us the whole of her Translation before we can make a final determination.





Engraved by T. Whitwell.

Miss Elizabeth Smith.

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